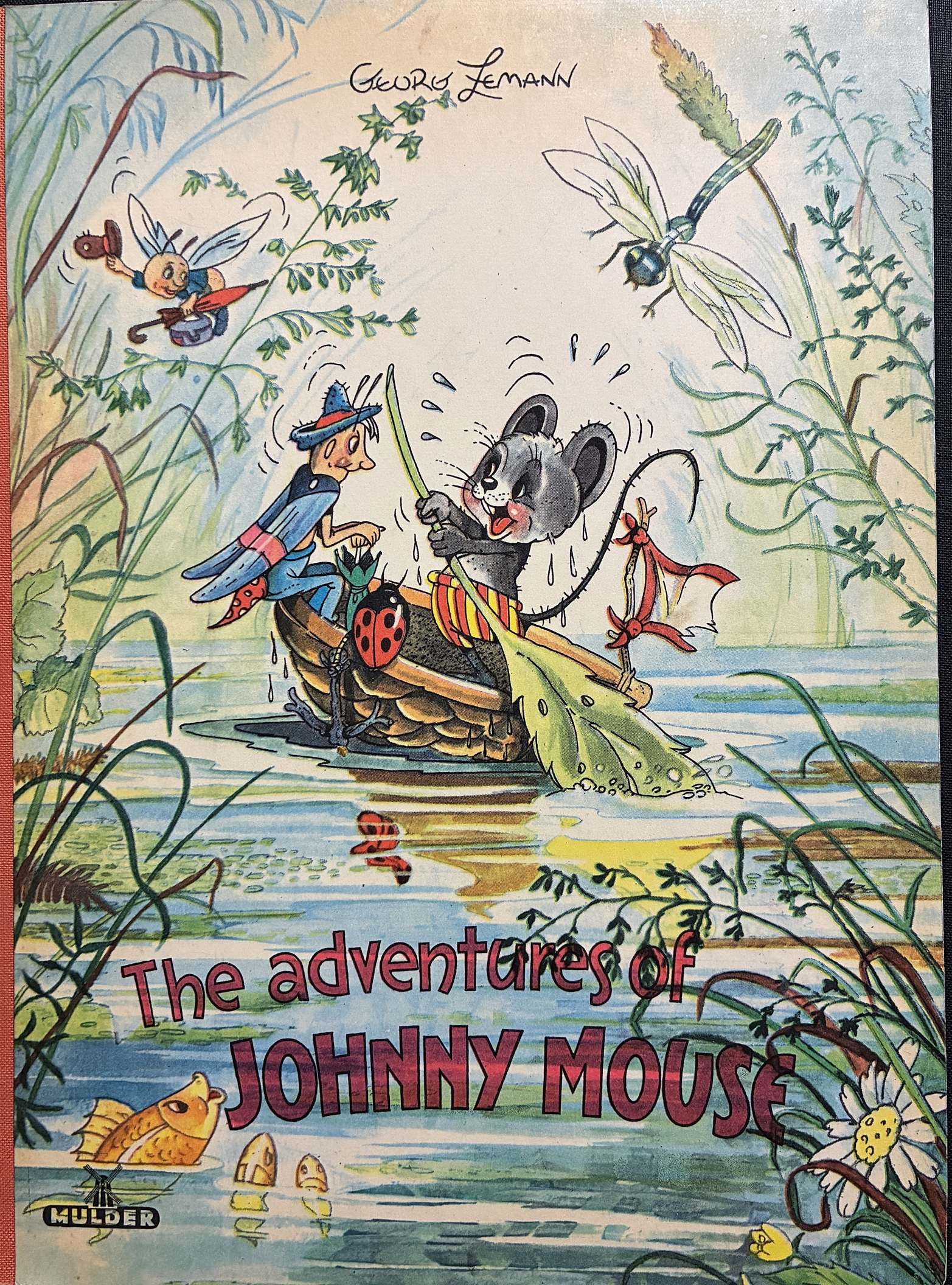
GEORG LEMANN
The adventures of
JOHNNY MOUSE
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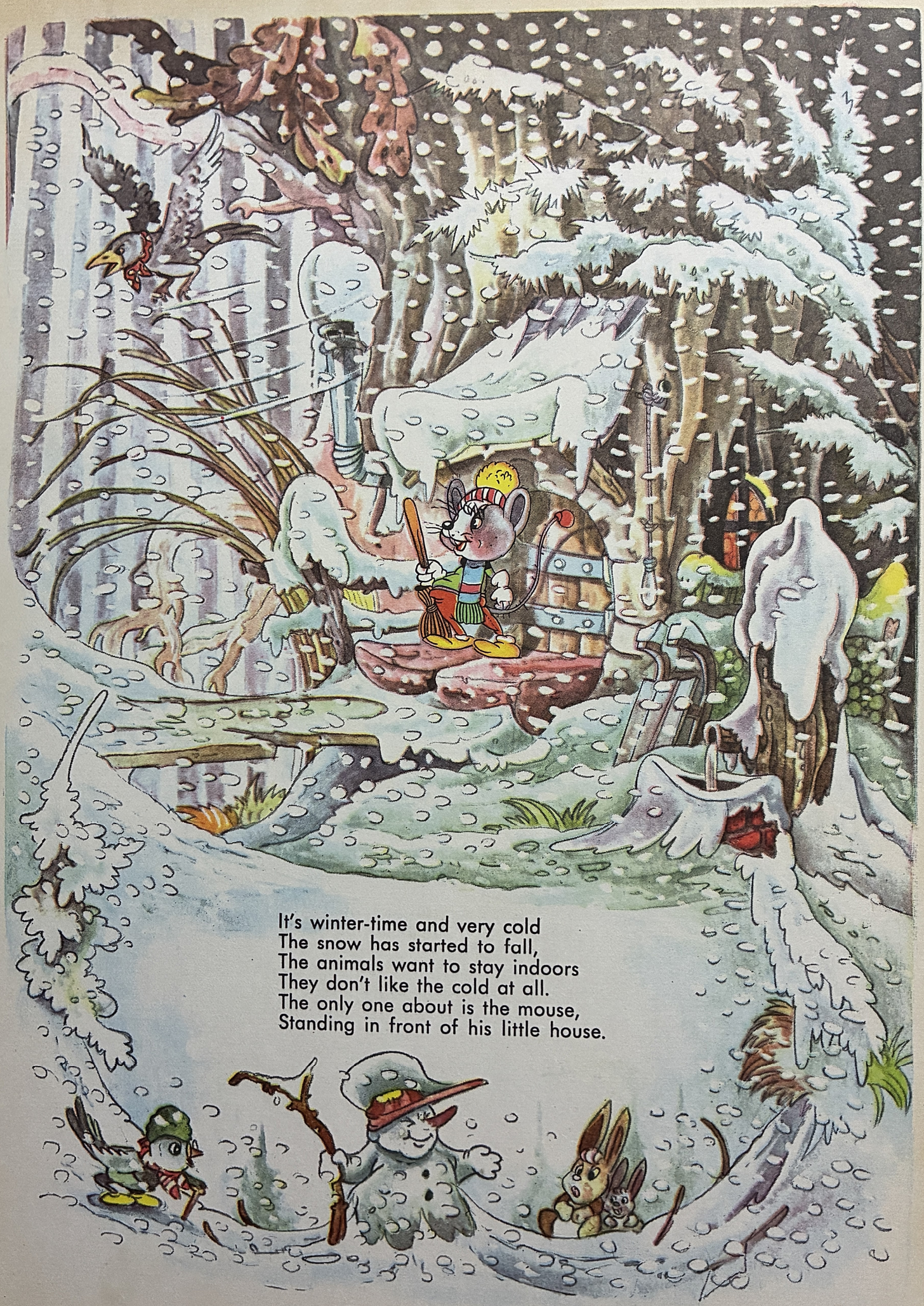


It's winter-time and very cold
The snow has started to fall,
The animals want to stay indoors
They don't like the cold at all.
The only one about is the mouse,
Standing in front of his little house.

But soon the sun begins to shine
Buds appear on the trees,
The March wind starts to blow again
The flowers move in the breeze.
The mouse decides to leave his home,
In Spring he feels that he must roam.

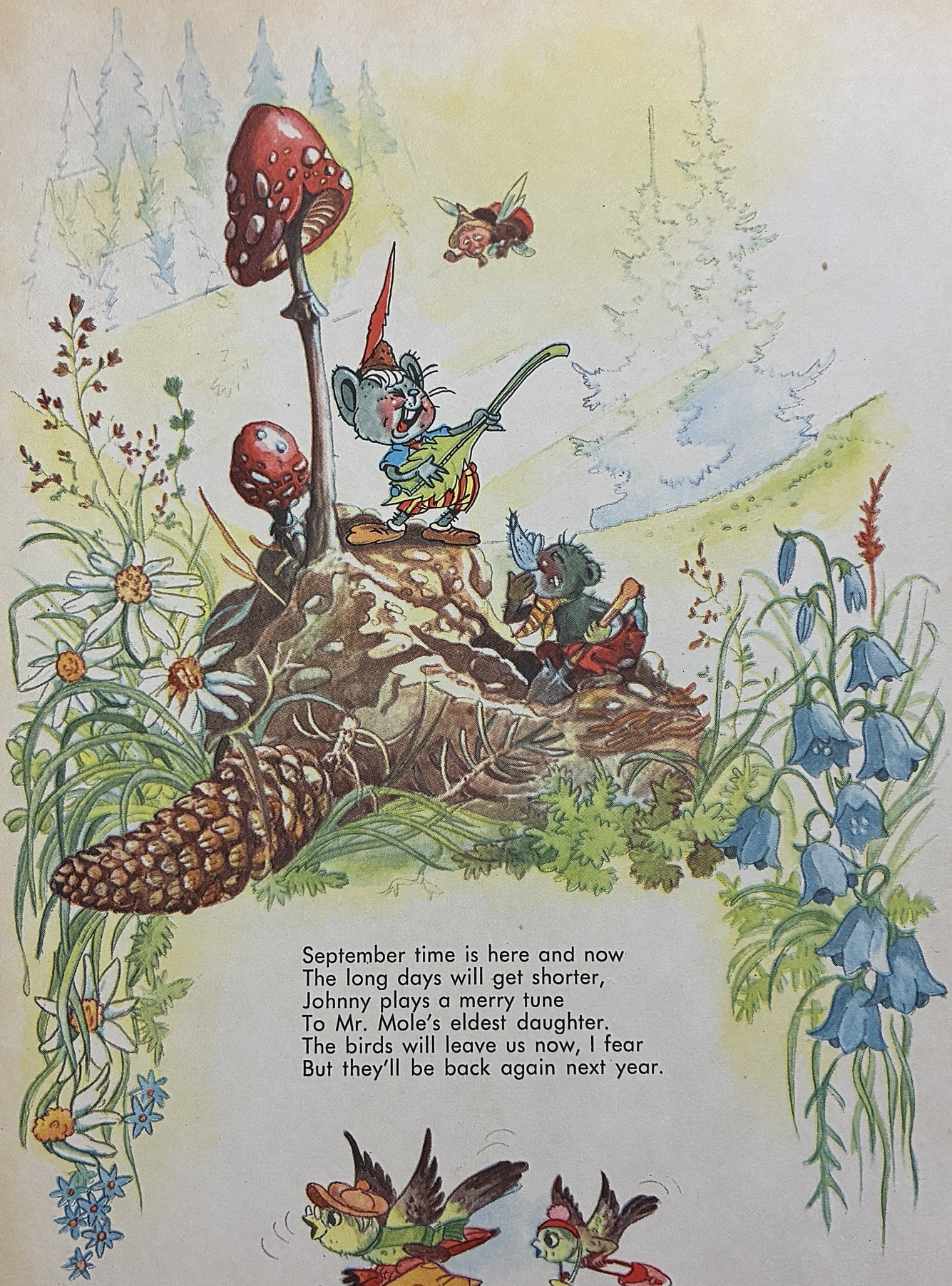
The sky is blue, it's very mild
The birds all sing and call
But then big clouds cover the sun
And snowflakes start to fall.
Though April-weather may be nice
This April-day has snow and ice.

Oh, what joy! May-time at last.
Flowers grow everywhere.
Nature looks so beautiful,
Who wouldn't like to be there?
And Johnny Mouse sings a merry song
To the bees while he's walking along.

In June the weather's very warm
All Johnny eats is ices.
Morning, afternoon and night
But then he realizes,
That you can't eat ices all day long
Without getting a tummy-ache; it's all wrong.

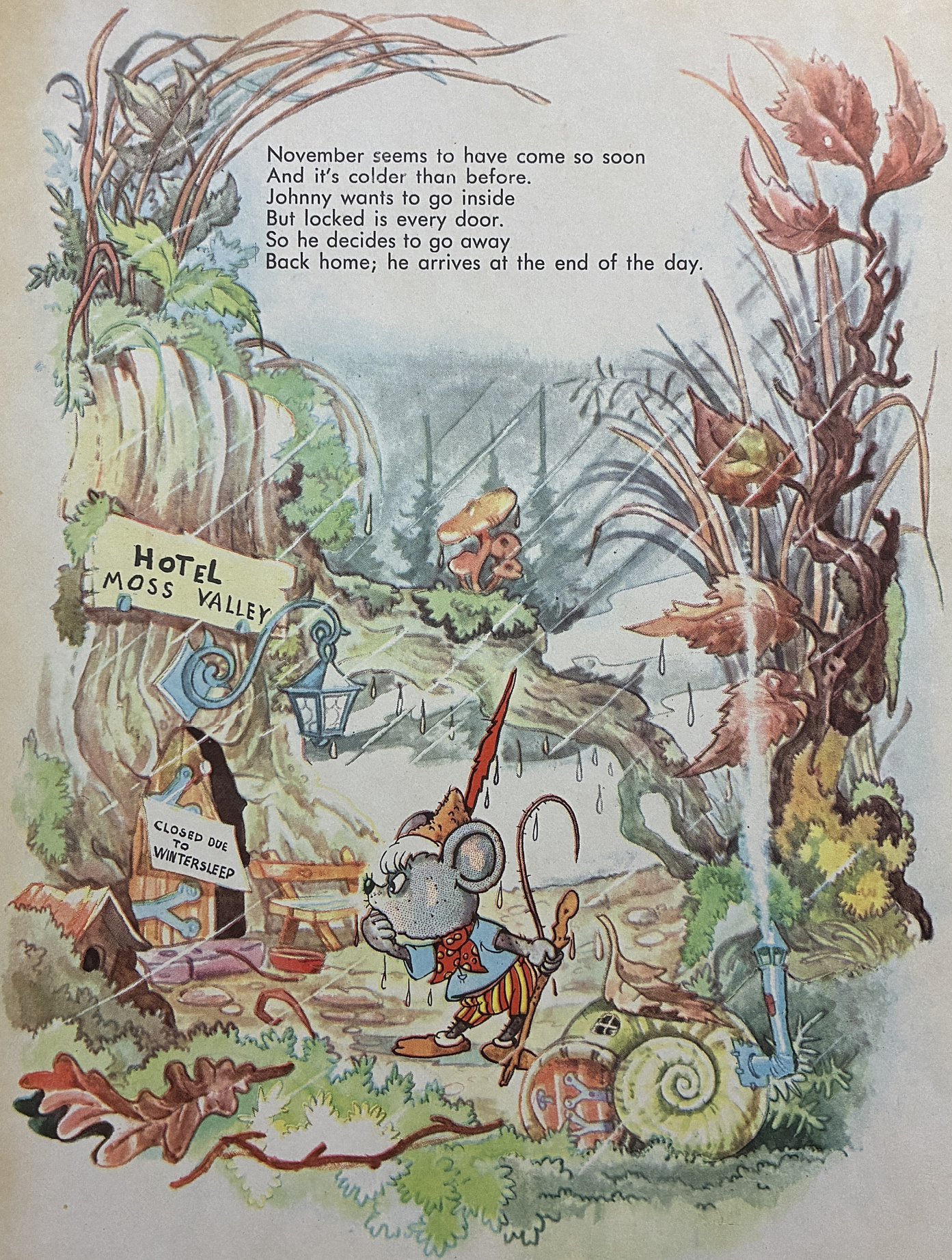
In July and in August, dears
Johnny feels very gay.
Life is sheer fun to him
Nothing to do but laugh and play.

The frogs croak loudly. Just see them run
Long live all the water fun.



September time is here and now
The long days will get shorter,
Johnny plays a merry tune
To Mr. Mole's eldest daughter.
The birds will leave us now, I fear
But they'll be back again next year.

The orchards are full of lovely fruit,
And now the rabbits and hares
The beetles and dwarfs and everyone else
Gather the grapes and the pears.
Johnny helps too, he is very bold;
He will remember it when he's old.



November seems to have come so soon
And it's colder than before.
Johnny wants to go inside
But locked is every door.
So he decides to go away
Back home; he arrives at the end of the day.

The end of the year is now in sight,
Near his home he discovers a light
When he gets closer, what does he see?
That's right: a wonderful Christmas tree.
Johnny says: "Well, now you see
Home's always the best place for me!"

New Year's Eve. The clocks all strike,
But Johnny went to bed.
He was so tired: he ate some food.
The stove is hot and red.
He sleeps and dreams and it may-be
That he's dreaming of you or even of me.

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